

BROTHER PETER

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TO

BROTHER TOM.

AN

EXPOSTULATORY EPISTLE.

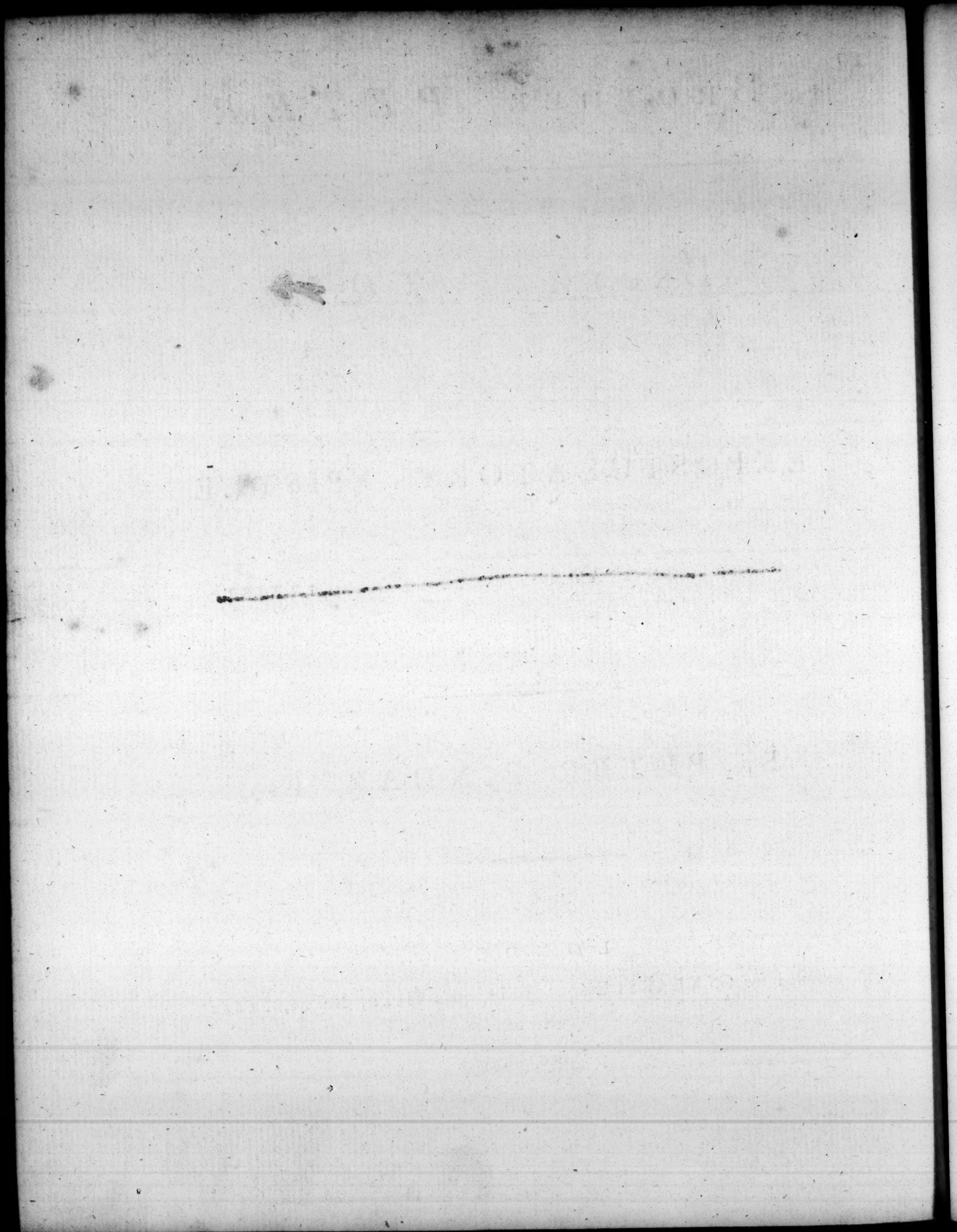
~~WITH AN ENGRAVING BY AN EMINENT ARTIST~~

By PETER PINDAR, Esq.

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C O N T E N T S.

P*PETER* staringly expostulateth with *THOMAS* on his unprecedented silence on the royal perfections in his last New Year's-Ode—Giveth *Thomas* a Jobation—Instructeth *Thomas* in his trade—Talketh of *Heralds*, *Moles*, *Field-mice*, and *GENERAL CARPENTER*—Telleth a strange story of the *General*—Commendeth *Majesty*, and laudeth his love of money, with delicious similes—*Peter* informeth *Thomas* how he might have praised *Majesty* for piety and æconomy—*Peter's* great knowledge of nature—He talketh of her different manufactures—*Peter* praiseth the royal Proclamation for leaving off sin, and reforming fidling courtiers and others—*Mistress WALSINGHAM* not able to sin on a Sunday—nor my *Lady YOUNG*—nor my *LORD OF EXETER*—nor my *Lord BRUDENELL*—whose excellence in attending on the *Rump Royal*, *Peter* highly extolleth—nor the *Welsh King WATKYN*—whose poor violoncello *Peter* pitieth—nor my *Lord of SALISBURY*—*Peter* intimateth an intended reform among cats and dogs, pigeons, wrens, sparrows, and poultry—Love between the aforesaid animals to be severely punish'd if made on the *Lord's day*—*Monday* the most decent day—*Sir JOHN DICK* giveth up Sunday Concerts for godliness—*Sir John's* star his great hobby horse—*Lords HAMPDEN* and *CHOLMONDELEY* reprov'd for profaning the Sabbath by a full orchestra, while the *King* enjoyeth only wind instruments—*Peter* relateth a sad tale of *GERMAN MUSICIANS*, and concludeth with a pathetic simile of a woodcock—*Peter* returneth from digression to *Thomas*—*Peter* asketh shrewd questions of *Thomas*—Telleth a delectable little story of the *King* and scratch wigs—Declareth love for *Majesty*—Praiseth the partnership—*Peter* denieth all odium towards his Sovereign, for a jealousy of the

PRINCE.

PRINCE OF WALES, for his rage for *HANDEL*, and enthusiasm for Mr. *WEST*—Peter giveth two similes—Peter telleth a tale—Peter still insisteth on love for Majesty—Instanceth royal magnanimity—ending with curiosity and national advantage—Peter sheweth the King's superiority to the Prince in the article of books—The royal wardrobe's superiority to the shops in *Monmouth Street*—Peter expresseth more love for Majesty—A tale—Peter maketh a marvellous discovery of the cause of *Thomas's* silence in the article of royal flattery—His Majesty too much bedaubed—The King shutteth up *Thomas's* mouth—Peter telleth *Thomas* how he should have managed—Peter describeth a devil—Enquireth for Modesty—Findeth her—Giveth a lovely picture of *Miss Morning*—And her loyal speech to Peter—Peter cannot exist nor subsist without Kings—Peter citeth the world's opinion of him—Peter finely answereth it—Peter seemeth glad—He asketh a sly question about Cartons—Peter telleth an uncommon story.—Peter continueth talking about Cartoons—Feareth that they are in jeopardy—Peter concludeth with sublime similes of trout, eels, whales, goats, sheep, and good advice to *THOMAS*.

BROTHER

BROTHER PETER
TO
BROTHER TOM.
AN
EXPOSTULATORY EPISTLE.

SLIFE! Thomas, what hath swallow'd all the praise?
Of royal virtues not the slightest mention!
Strung, like mock pearl, so lately on thy lays!
Tell me, a bankrupt, Tom, is thy invention?

How cou'dst thou so thy PATRON's fame forget,
As not to pay, of praise, the annual debt?

WHITEHEAD and CIBBER, all the Laureat Throng,
To FAME's fair Temple, twice a year, presented
Some royal virtues, real or invented,
In all the grave sublimity of song.

Heralds so kind for many a chance-born wight,
 Creeping from cellars, just like snails from earth;
 Or moles, or field-mice, stealing into light,
 Forge Arms to prove a loftiness of birth;
 Tracing of each ambitious *Sir* and *Madam*
 The branches to the very trunk of ADAM.

Then why not thou, the herald, TOM, of rhyme,
 Still bid thy Royal Master soar sublime?
 Bards shine in fiction; then how slight a thing
 To make a coat of merit for a King!

Know, General CARPENTER had been a theme
 For furnishing a pretty lyric dream;

Once a monopolist of nod and smile:
 Of broken sentences and questions rare,
 Of snipsnap whispers sweet, and grin, and stare,
 For which thy muse would travel many a mile.

But lo! the General, for a crying sin,
 Lost broken sentences, and nod, and grin,

And

And stare and snipnap of the best of Kings ;
 The fin, the crying fin, of rambling
 Where Osnaburgh's good Bishop, gambling,
 Lost some few golden feathers from his wings ;
 Which made th' unlucky General run and drown ;
 Such were the horrors of the royal frown !
 For lo ! His M——y most roundly swore
 He'd nod to General CARPENTER no more.

Oh ! glorious love of all-commanding money !
 Dear to *some* Monarchs, as to Bruin, honey ;
 Dear as to gamblers, pigeons fit to pluck ;
 Or show'rs to hackney coachmen or a duck !

Thomas, thy lyrics might have prais'd the King
 For making finners mind the Sabbath day,
 Bidding the idle sons of pipe and string,
 Instead of scraping jigs, sing psalms and pray ;
 Thus piously (against their inclination)
 Dragooning souls unto salvation.

The MONARCH gave up Mr. JOAH BATE,
 With that sweet nightingale his lovely mate ;
 Who with the organ and one fiddle
 Made up a concert every Sunday night :
 Thus yielding MAJESTIES supreme delight,
 Who relish cheapness e'en in tweedle tweedle.

For NATURE formeth oft a kind
 Of money-loving, scraping, save-all mind,
 That happy glorieth in the nat'ral thought
 Of getting ev'ry thing for nought :

From Delhi's diamonds to a Bristol stone ;
 From royal eagles to a squawling parrot ;
 From bulls of Bafan to a marrow-bone ;
 From rich ananas to a mawkish carrot :
 And getting things for nought, I needs must say,
 If not the *noblest*, is the *cheapest* way.

And often nature manufactures stuff
 That thinks it never hath enough ;

Hoard-

Hoarding up treasure — never once enjoying —

Such is the composition of *some* souls !

Like jackdaws all their cunning art employing,

In hiding knives, and forks, and spoons, in holes.

Lo ! by the pious Monarch's proclamation,

The courtier *Amateurs* of this fair nation

On Sundays con their Bibles — make no riot —

The stubborn UXBRIDGE, music-loving Lord,

Pays dumb obedience to the royal word,

And bids the instruments lie quiet.

Sweet Mistress WALSINGHAM is forc'd to pray,

And turn her eyes up, much against her will ;

SANDWICH sings psalms too, in his pious way ;

And Lady YOUNG forbears the tuneful trill :

And very politic is Lady Young :

A husband must not suffer for a song.

The gentle EXETER his treat gave up,

So us'd upon the sweet repast to sup ;

As eager for his Sunday's quaver dish,
As cats and rav'nous Aldermen for fish.

Lord BRUDENELL, too, a Lord with lofty nose,
Bringing to mind a verse the world well knows ;
Against sublimity that rather wars ;
Which in an almanack all eyes may see :
“ God gave to man an upright form, that he
“ Might view the Stars.”

I say this watchful LORD, who boasts the knack,
Behind His Sacred Majesty's *great* back,
Of placing for his *latter end* a chair
Better than any Lord (so says Fame's trump)
That ever waited on the royal rump,
So swift his motions, and so sweet his air ;

Who, if His Majesty but cough or hiccup,
Trembles for fear the King should *kick up* ;
Drops, with concern, his jaw — with horror freezes —
Or smiles “ God bless you, SIRE,” whene'er he sneezes ;

This

This LORD, I say, uprais'd his convert chin,
And curs'd the concert for a crying sin.

King WATKIN, from the land of leeks and cheese,
With sighs, forbore his bafs to feize ;
With huge concern he dropp'd his Sunday airs,
And grumbled out in Welsh his thankless pray'rs.

The bafs, indeed, *Te Deum* fung,
Glad on the willows to be hung.

And really 'twas a very nat'ral case —

Poor, inoffensive bafs !

For when King Watkin scrubbeth him — alack !!

The instrument, like one upon the rack,
Sends forth fuch horrid, Inquisition groans !

Enough to pierce the hearts of ftones !

Thus though in *concert* politics the Knight
Battled with Miftrefs WALSINGHAM *outright* ;
Yet both agreed to lift their palms,
Not in hostilities, but finging pfalms.

SAL'SBURY was also order'd to *reform*,

Who, with my Lady, thought it vastly odd,
Thus to be forc'd, like failors in a storm,
Against their wills to pray to God.

Thus did the royal mandate through the town,
Knock nearly all the Sunday concerts down!
Great act! e'er long 'twill be a sin and shame
For cats to warble out an am'rous flame! —
Dogs shall be whipp'd for making love on Sunday,
Who very well may put it off to Monday,

Nay, more the royal piety to prove;
And aid the purest of all pure religions;
To Bridewell shall be sent all cooing pigeons,
And cocks and hens be lash'd for making love:
Sparrows and wrens be shot from barns and houses,
For being barely civil to their spouses.

Poor Sir JOHN DICK was, lamb-like, heard to bleat
At losing such a Sunday's treat —

Sir JOHN, the happy owner of a *star* —
 Which radiant honour on furtoutes he stiches ;
 Lamenting fashion doth not stretch so far
 As sewing them on waistcoats and on breeches ;
 Which thus would pour a blaze of silver day,
 And make the Knight a perfect milky way.

Yet HAMPDEN, CHOLMOND'LY, those sinful shavers,
 Rebellious, riot in their Sabbath quavers ;
 Thus flying in the face of our GREAT KING,
 Prophane God's *resting* day with wind and string ;
 Whilst on the Terrace, 'midst his German band,
 On Sunday evenings GEORGE is pleas'd to stand ;
 Contented with a *simple* tune alone,
 " God save great George our King, " or Bobbing Joan ;

Whilst CHERUBS, leaning from their starry height,
 Wink at each other, and enjoy the fight :
 And SATAN, from a lurking hole,
 Fond of a seeming-godly soul,

His eyes and ears scarce able to believe,
Laughs in his sleeve.

Stay, Muse—the mention of the German band
Bringeth a tale oppressive, to my hand,
Relating to a tribe of German boys,
Whose horrid fortune made some *little* noise ;
Sent for to take of Englishmen the places,
Who, gall'd by such hard treatment, made wry faces.

Sent for they were, to feed in *fields of clover*,

To feast upon the Coldstream regiment's fat :
Swift with their empty stomachs they flew over,

And wider than a Kevenhuller hat.

But ah ! their knives no veal nor mutton carv'd !

To feasts they went indeed, but went and *starv'd* !

Their Masters, raptur'd with the tuneful treat,

Forgot musicians like themselves cou'd *eat*.

Thus the poor woodcock leaves his frozen shores,

When tyrant Winter 'midst his tempests roars :

Invited

[II]

Invited by our milder sky, he roves ;

Views the pure streams with joy, and shelt'ring groves,

And in *one* hour, Oh ! sad reverse of fate !

Is shot, and smokes upon a poacher's plate !

Thus ending a sweet episodic strain,

I turn, dear Thomas, to thy Ode again.

What ! make a dish to balk thy Master's gums !

A pudding, and forget the plums !

Mercy upon us ! what a cook art thou !

Dry e'en already ! — what a sad milch cow ! —

Who gav'st, at first, of fame such flowing pails ! —

Say, Thomas, what thy lyric udder ails ?

Since truth belongs not to the laureat trade,

'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange, thou didst not flatter :

Speak — in light money were thy wages paid ?

Or was thy pipe of sack half fill'd with water ?

Or hast thou, Tom, been cheated of thy dues ?

Or hath a qualm of conscience touch'd thy Muse ?

Thou

Thou might'st have prais'd for *dignity* of pride
 Display'd not long ago among the Cooks :
 Searching the kitchen with sagacious looks ;
 Wigs, christned *scratches*, on their heads, he spied.

To find a wig on a cook's head
 Just like the wig that grac'd his own,
 Was verily a sight too dread !—
 Enough to turn a king to stone !

On which, in language of his *very best*,
 His Majesty his royal ire exprefs'd.

“ How, how ! what ! Cooks wear *scratches* just like me !—
 “ Strange ! strange ! yes, yes, I see, I see, I see—
 “ Fine fellows to wear *scratches* ! yes, no doubt—
 “ I'll have no more—no more when mine's worn out—
 “ Hæ ? pretty ! pretty ! pretty too it looks
 “ To see *my scratches* upon *Cooks* !”

And lo ! as he had threatened all so big ;
 As soon as ever he *wore out* the wig ;

He

He with a *pig-tail* deign'd his head to match!—

Nor more profan'd his temples with a SCRATCH!

Thomas, I see my song thy feelings grate —

Thou think'st I'm joking; that the King's my hate.

The world may call me liar, but sincerely

I love him — for a partner, love him *dearly* :

Whilst his great name is on the *ferme*, I'm sure

My credit with the Public is secure.

Yes, beef shall grace my spit, and ale shall flow,

As long as it continues George and Co. ;

That is to say, in plainer metre,

George and Peter.

Yet, as some little money I have made,

I've thoughts of turning *Squire*, and quitting trade :

This in my mind I've frequently revolv'd ;

And in six months, or so,

For all I know,

The partnership may be dissolv'd.

Whate'er thou think'st—howe'er the world may carp, —

Thomas, I'm far from hating our *good* King ;

Yes, yes, or may I thrum no more my harp,

As DAVID swore, who touch'd so well the string —

No, Tom ; — the idol of thy sweet devotion

Excites not HATE, *whatever else* th' emotion.

To write a book on the Sublime, I own,

Were I a bookfeller, I would not hire him ;

Yet, should I *hate* the man who fills a throne,

Because, forsooth, I can't admire him ?

Hate him, because, ambitious of a name,

He thinks to rival e'en the PRINCE in fame ?

A Prince of science — in the arts so chaste ! —

A giant to him in the world of taste ;

Who from an envious cloud one day shall spring,

And prove that dignity may clothe a King.

Who when by Fortune fix'd on Britain's throne,

Wherever merit, humble plant, is shown,

Will shed around that plant a soft'ring ray ;
 Whose hand shall stretch through poverty's pale gloom
 For drooping GENIUS, sinking to the tomb,
 And lead the blushing stranger into day.

Who scorns (like *some*) to chronicle a shilling,
 Once in a twelvemonth to a beggar giv'n ;
 By such mean charity (Lord help 'em) willing
 To go as cheap as possible to Heav'n !

Hate him, because, untir'd, the Monarch pores
 On HANDEL's manuscript old scores,
 And schemes successful daily hatches,
 For saving notes o'erwhelm'd with scratches ;
 Recovering from the blotted leaves
 Huge cart-horse *minims*, dromedary *breves* ;
 Thus saving damned bars from just damnation,
 By way of *brightning* Handel's reputation ?
 Who, charm'd with ev'ry crotchet Handel wrote,
 Heav'd into TOT'NAM STREET each heavy note :
 And forcing on the house the tuneless lumber,
 Drove half to doors, the other half to slumber ?

Hate

Hate him, because the works of Mr. WEST,
 His eye (in wonder lost) unfated views?
 Because his walls, with tasteless trumpery drest,
 Robs a poor signpost of its dues?

Hate him, because he cannot rest
 But in the company of West?
 Because of modern works he makes a jest,
 Except the works of Mr. West?

Who by the public, fain would have carest
 The works alone of Mr. West!
 Who thinks, of painting, truth and taste, the test,
 None but the wond'rous works of Mr. West!

Who, as for REYNOLDS, cannot bear him;
 And never suffers WILSON's landscapes near him.

Nor, GAINSB'ROUGH, thy delightful Girls and Boys,
 In rural scenes so sweet, amidst their joys,
 With such simplicity as makes us *start*,
 Forgetting 'tis the work of art.

Which

Which wonder and which care of Mr. West
May in a simile be well exprest :—

A S I M I L E.

THUS have I seen a child with smiling face,
A little daisy in the garden place,
And strut in triumph round its fav'rite flow'r ;
Gaze on the leaves with infant admiration,
Thinking the flow'r the finest in the nation,
Then pay a visit to it ev'ry hour :
Lugging the wat'ring pot about,
Which JOHN the gard'ner was oblig'd to fill ;
The child, so pleas'd, would pour the water out,
To show its marvellous gard'ning skill ;
Then staring round, all wild for praises panting,
Tell all the world it was its own sweet planting ;
And boast away, too happy elf,
How that it found the daisy all, itself !

F

A N O T H E R

ANOTHER SIMILE.

IN *simile* if I may shine agen, ——

Thus have I seen a fond old hen

With one poor miserable chick ;

Bustling about a farmer's yard ;

Now on the dunghill labouring hard,

Scraping away through thin and thick :

Flutt'ring her feathers——making such a noise !

Cackling aloud such quantities of joys,

As if this chick, to which her egg gave birth,

Was born to deal prodigious knocks,

To shine the *Broughton* of game cocks,

And kill the fowls of all the earth !

E'EN with his painter let the King be *blest* ;

Egad ! eat, drink, and sleep, with Mr. WEST :

Only let *me*, excus'd from such a guest,

Not eat, and drink, and sleep, with Mr. West ;

And

And as he will not please my taste——no never——
 Let *me* not give him to the world as *clever*——
 A better conscience in my bosom lies,
 Than imitate the fellow and his flies.

The T O P E R and the F L I E S.

A GROUP of toppers at a table fat,
 With punch that much regales the thirsty soul :
 Flies soon the party join'd, and join'd the chat,
 Humming, and pitching round the mantling bowl.

At length those flies got drunk, and for their sin,
 Some hundreds lost their legs and tumbled in ;
 And sprawling 'midst the gulph profound,
 Like Pharaoh and his daring host, were drown'd !

Wanting to drink—one of the men
 Dipp'd from the bowl the drunken host,
 And drank—then taking care that none were lost,
 He put in ev'ry mother's son agen.

Up jump'd the bacchanalian crew on this,

Taking it very much amiss —

Swearing, and in the attitude to *smite* : —

“ Lord !” cried the man with gravely-lifted eyes

“ Though I don't like to swallow flies,

“ I did not know but *others might*.”

WHO says I hate the King, proclaims a lie !

E'en now a royal virtue strikes my eye !

To prove th' assertion, let me just relate

The King's submission to the will of FATE.

Whene'er in hunts the Monarch is thrown out,

As in his politics — a common thing !

With searching eyes he stares at first about,

Then faces the misfortune like a *King* !

Hearing no news of nimble Mr. STAG,

He sits like PATIENCE grinning on his nag !

Now,

Now, wisdom-fraught, his curious eyeballs ken

The little hovels that around him rise :

To these he trots—of hogs surveys the styes,
And nicely numbers ev'ry cock and hen.

Then asks the farmer's wife or farmer's maid,

How many eggs the fowls have laid !

What's in the oven—in the pot—the crock—

Whether 'twill rain or no, and what's o'clock.—

Thus from poor hovels gleaning information,

To serve as future treasure for the nation !

There, terrier like, till pages find him out,

He pokes his most sagacious nose about,

And seems in Paradise — like *that* so fam'd ;

Looking like ADAM too, and EVE so fair ;

Sweet simpletons ! who, though so very *bare*,

“ Were (says the Bible) not *asham'd*.”

No man binds books so well as GEORGE the Third,

By thirst of leather glory spurr'd —

At bookbinders he oft is seen to laugh —

And wond'rous is the King in sheep or calf !

But see ! the PRINCE upon such labour looks

Fastidious down, and only *readeth* books ! —

Here by the Sire the Son is much surpass'd ;

Which Fame should publish on her loudest *blast* !

The King beats Monmouth Street in cast-off riches —

That is, in coats, and waistcoats, and in breeches —

Which, draughted once a year for foreign stations,

Make fine recruits to serve some *near* relations.

But lo ! the PRINCE, shame on him ! never dreams

Of pretty Jewish, æconomic schemes !

So very proud, (I'm griev'd, O Tom, to tell it)

He'd rather *give* a coat away than *sell* it !

Fair justice to the Monarch must allow

Prodigious science in a calf or cow ;

And wisdom in the article of swine !

What most *unusual* knowledge for a King !

Because pig wisdom is a *thing*

In which no Sov'reigns e'er were known to *shine*.

Yet

Yet who will think I am not telling fibs?—

The PRINCE, who Britain's throne in time shall grace,
Ne'er finger'd at a fair, a bullock's ribs,

Nor ever ogled a pig's face!

O dire disgrace! O let it not be known
That *thus* a father hath excell'd a son!

Truth bids me own that I can bring

A *dozen* who *admire* the King;

And should he dream of setting off for HANOVER,
As once he said he wou'd, to spite CHARLES FOX;
Draw all his *little* money from the stocks,

Shut shop, and carry ev'ry pot and pan over;

I think — indeed I'm *sure* I know,

That dozen would not let him go;

But in the struggle spend their vital breath,

And hug their idol, probably to death;

As happen'd to a Romish Priest — a tale

That, whilst I tell it, almost turns me pale.

The ROMISH PRIEST.

A T A L E.

A PARSON in the neighbourhood of ROME,
 Some years ago——how many, I don't say——
 Handled so well his heav'nly broom,
 He brusht, like cobwebs, fins away.

Brightned the black horizon of his parish ;
 Gave to the PRINCE OF DARKNESS such hard blows,
 That SATAN was afraid to show his nose,
 (Except in hell), before this priest so warrish !

To teach folks how to shun the paths of evil,
 And prove a match for Mr. DEVIL,
 Was constantly this pious man's endeavour,
 And, as I've said before, the man was *clever*.

Red-hot was all his zeal——and Fame declares,
 He gallop'd like a hunter o'er his pray'rs ;

For

For ever lifting to the clouds his forehead ——

Petitions on petitions he let fly,

Which nothing but BARBARIANS could deny ——

In short, the *Saints* were to compliance *worried*.

With shoulders, arms, and hands, this priest devout,

So well his evolutions did perform ;

His pray'rs, those holy smallshot, flew about

So thick ! —— it seem'd like taking Heav'n by *storm* !

Without one atom of reflection,

No candidate at an election

Did ever labour more, and fume, and sweat,

To make a fellow change his coat,

And blefs him with the casting vote,

Than this dear man to get in Heav'n a feat

For souls of children, women, and of men : ——

No matter which the species —— cock or hen !

Thus did he not like that vile Jesuit think

Who makes us all with horror shrink,

H

A knave

A knave high meriting Hell's hottest coals ;
 Who wrote a dreadful book, to prove
 That women, charming women, form'd for love,
 Have got no souls !

Monster ! to think that WOMAN had no soul !
 Ha ! hast *thou* not a soul, thou peerless MAID,
 Who bidst my rural hours with rapture roll ?
 Whose beauties charm the shepherds and the shade !

Yes, CYNTHIA, and for souls like thine,
 Fate into being drew yon starry sphere ;
 Then kindly sent thy form divine,
 To show what wond'rous bliss inhabits there !

In short, no drayhorse ever work'd so hard,
 From vaults, to drag up hoghead, tun, or pipe,
 As this good priest, to drag, for *small* reward,
 The souls of finners from the Devil's gripe.

Pleas'd were the *higheſt* angels to expreſs

Their wonder at his fine addreſs ;

And pow'r againſt the FIEND who makes ſuch ſtrife —

Nay, e'en St. PETER ſaid, to whom are giv'n

The keys for letting people into Heav'n,

He never got more halfpence in his life.

'Twas added that my *namesake* did declare,

(Peter, the porter of Heav'n gate, ſo truſty ;))

That till this prieſt appear'd, ſouls were ſo rare

His bunch of keys was abſolutely ruſty !

Did GENTLEMEN of fortune die,

And leave the CHURCH a good round ſum ;

Lo ! in the twinkling of an eye

The parſon frank'd their ſouls to kingdom-come !

A letter to the PORTER, or a word,

Inſur'd admittance to the *Lord*.

Nor

Nor stopp'd those souls an instant on the road
 To take a *roast* before they enter'd in;
 For had they got the *Plague*, 'twas said that God
 Had let them enter without *quarantine*.

Well then! this parson was so much admir'd,
 So fought, so courted, so desir'd,
 Thousands with putrid souls, like putrid meat,
 Came for his holy pickle, to be sweet:

Just as we see old hags with jaws of carrion,
 Enter the shop of Mr. WARREN;
 Who disappoints that highwayman call'd TIME,
 (Noted for robbing Ladies of their prime,
 By giving SIXTY FIVE's pale, wither'd mien,
 The blooming roses of SIXTEEN.

Such vast impressions did his sermons make,
 He always kept his flock awake ——
 In summer too —— hear, parsons, this strange news,
 Ye who so often preach to nodding pews!

A neighb'ring

A neighb'ring town, into whose people's souls
 SIN, like a rat, had eat large holes,
 Begg'd him to be their tinker — their holestopper —
 For, gentle reader, sin of such a sort is,
 It souls corrodeeth just as *aqua fortis*
 Corrodeeth iron, brass, or copper.

They told him they would give him better pay,
 If he'd agree to change his quarters ;
 Protesting, when his soul should leave its clay,
 To rank his bones with those of SAINTS and MARTYRS.

This was a handsome bribe all Papists know !
 But stop — his parish would not let him go —
 Then, furly did the other parish look,
 And swore to have the man by *Hook* or *Crook*.

So seiz'd him, like a graceless throng —
 The priest's parishioners, who lov'd him *well* ;
 Rather than to another church belong,
 Swore they would sooner see him lodg'd in Hell —

So violent was their objection !

So very strong, too, their affection !

The LADIES, too, united in the strife ;

Protesting that they “ lov’d him as their life,

“ So sweetly he would *look* when *down* to pray’r !

“ So happy in a *sermon* choice ;

“ And then he had of nightingales the voice ——

“ And holy water gave with *such* an air !

“ Lord ! lose so fine a man ! —— so great a treasure !

“ Yielding such quantities of heavenly pleasure !

“ Forgiving sins so free, too, at confession,

“ However carnal the transgression,

“ In such a charming, love-condemning strain ! ——

“ He really seem’d to say ‘ Go sin again ;

“ HELL shall not throw, my angels, on your souls

“ So sweet, a single shovelful of coals. ”

Now in the fire was all the fat :
 Just as two bulldogs pull a cat,
 Both parishes with furious zeal contended —
 So heartily the holy man was hugg'd,
 So much from place to place his limbs were lugg'd,
 That very fatally the battle ended !
 In short, by hugging, lugging, and kind squeezes,
 The man of God was pull'd in fifty pieces !

This work perform'd, the bones were fought for stoutly ;
 And so the fray continued most devoutly —
 Lo with an arm, away one rascal fled ;
 This with a leg, and that the head —
 Off with the foot another goes —
 Another seizes him and gets the toes.

Nay, some, a relick so intent to crib,
 Fought just like mastiffs for a rib ;
 Nay more, (for truth, to tell the whole, obliges)
 A dozen battled for his *Os Coccygis* * !

* The tip of the rump.

Heav'n, that sees all things, saw the dire dispute,
In which each parish acted like a brute ;

Then bade the dead man as a *Saint* be fought ;
Still, to reward him more, his bones enriches
With pow'r o'er Evils, Rheumatifms, and Itches,
However dreadful, and wherever caught :

Thus, by the grace of HIM who governs thunder,
His very toe-nail could perform a *wonder*.

Thus might our Monarch, by this dozen men,
Be hugg'd ! — and then ! and then ! and then ! and then !
Then what ? why, then, this direful ill must spring :
I a good *subject* lose, and thou a KING !

No, Tom ; no more to strike us with amaze,
Thy courtly tropes of adulation blaze :

A setting sun art thou, so mild thy beam !
Thou (like old OCEAN's heaving wave no more,
That lifts a ship and fly with equal roar)
Pour'ft from thy lyric pipe a *sober* stream.

No more we hear the gale of Fame
 Wild bluft'ring with thy MASTER's name :
 No more ideal virtues ride sublime,
 (Like feathers) on the furge of rhyme.

But lo the cause ! it was the ROYAL WILL
 To bid the tempest of his praise be still :
 No more to let his virtues make a rout,
 Blown by thy blasts like paper kites about —

Indeed thy Sov'reign in thy verse so fine,
 Might justly have exclaim'd at many a line,

“ In peacock's feathers, lo, this knave arrays me.”

And like a King of France of whom I've read,
 Our gracious Sov'reign also might have said,

“ What have I done that he should *praise* me ? ”

With pity have I seen thee, SON OF SONG,
 Trundling thy lyric wheelbarrow along,
 Amidst ST. JAMES's gapers to unload
 The motley mass of pompous ode ;

And wish'd the sack, for verse the annual prize,

To poets of a less renown——

To poor WILL MASON, who in secret sighs

To strut beneath the LAUREAT's leaden crown.

Warm in the praise thou might'st have been,

Of *thy* great King and *his* great Queen ;

But not so diabolically *hot*——

A downright devil, or a pepper-pot.

By *Dev'l*, (without thy being born a wizard)

Thou ought'st to know I mean a turkey's gizzard ;

So christned for its quality, by man,

Because so oft 'tis loaded with *kian* ——

This dev'l is such a red-hot bit of meat

As nothing but the dev'l himself should eat.

A *spoon* was large enough, the world well knows !

Why give the pap of praise then with a *ladle* ? ——

Gently thou shou'd'st have rock'd him to repose ——

Not like a drunken nurse o'erturn'd the cradle.

I do not marvel that the King was wrath,
 (Knowing himself no bigger than a lath)
 To find himself a tall, gigantic oak—
 'Twas too much of a magic-lantern stroke.

Ah ! where was MODESTY, the charming maid ?
 Where was the rural vagrant straying,
 Not to admonish thee, an idle jade,
 When thou thy tuneful compliments wert paying ?

Yet why this question put I, Tom, to thee ? —
 Lord ! how we wits forget ! — she was with me.

Dear Modesty (by very few carest,)
 Oft condescends to be my guest :
 From time to time, the maid my rhyme reviews
 And dictates sweet instructions to the muse.

Yes, frequent deigns my cottage to adorn,
 Just like that blushing damsel call'd MISS MORN —

Who

Who smiling from the dreary caves of night,
 Moves from her east with silent pace and flow
 O'er yonder shadowy mount's gigantic brow,
 And to my window steals with dewy light,
 Then peeping through the panes with cherub mien,
 Seems to ask liberty to enter in.

Now vent'ring on the fables of my room,
 She sweeps the darkness with her star-clad broom :
 Now pleas'd a stronger splendor to diffuse,
 Smiles on the plated buckles in my shoes ;
 Smiles on my breeches, too, of handsome plush,
 Where George's heads *once* made no gingling sound,
 But where amidst the pockets all was hush ;
 Such awful silence reign'd around !
 Whose fob, which thieves so often pick,
 Was quite a stranger to a watch's click.

Now casting on my pen and ink a ray
 Seeming with sweet reproof to say,

“ The lark to Heav’n her grateful mattins sings :

“ Then, Peter, also ope thy tuneful throat,

“ And, happy in a fascinating note,

“ Rise and bewitch the best of Kings. ”

Howe’er the world t’ abuse me may be giv’n,

I cannot do without CROWN’D HEADS, by Heav’n!

Bards must have subjects that their genius suit—

And if I’ve not Crown’d Heads, I must be mute.

My verse is somewhat like a game at Whist ;

Which game, though play’d by people e’er so keen,
Cannot with much success, alas ! exist,

Except their hands possess a King and Queen.

I own, my muse delights in royal folk :

Lead-mines, producing many pretty pounds !

JOE MILLARS, furnishing a fund of joke !

Lo, with a fund of joke a court abounds !

At royal follies, Lord ! a lucky hit

Saves our poor brain th’ expence of wit :

At Princes let but Satire lift his gun,
The more their feathers fly, the more the fun.
E'en the whole world, blockheads and men of letters,
Enjoy a cannonade upon their betters.

And, *vicé versâ*, Kings and Queens
Know pretty well what scandal means,

And love it too — yes, Majesty's a grinner :
Scandal that really would disgrace a stable
Hath oft been beckoned to a royal table,

And pleas'd a princely palate more than dinner.

I know the world exclaimeth in this guise : —

“ Suppose a King not overwise,

“ (A vice in Kings not very oft suspected)

“ Suppose he does *this* childish thing, and *this*,

“ If folly constitutes a Monarch's blifs,

“ Shall such by faucy poets stand corrected?

“ Bold

“ Bold is the man,” old Parson Calchas * cries,

“ Who tells a Monarch where his error lies.” —

“ Grant that a King in converse cannot shine,

“ And sharp with shrew’d remark a world alarm;

“ What business, Peter Pindar, is’t of thine?

“ Grant puerilities — pray where’s the harm?” —

To this I answer, “ I don’t think a King

“ Will go to hell for ev’ry childish thing —

“ Yet mind, I think that one in his great station

“ Should show sublime example to a nation :

“ And when an eagle he should spring

“ To drink the solar blaze on tow’ring wing ;

“ With daring and undazzled eyes ;

“ Not be a sparrow upon chimneys hopping,

“ His head in holes and corners popping

“ For flies.

* Vide Homer.

Tom, I'm not griev'd that thou hast chang'd thy note,

And op'd on Windsor wall thy tuneful throat ;

For verily it is a rare old mafs !

Nor angry that to WEST thou dost descend ;

The King's great painting oracle and friend,

Who teacheth JERVAS how to spoil good glafs.

But, fon of Isis, fince amidft this ode,

Thou talk'ft of painting, like an ardent lover,

Of panes of glafs now daubing over,

Dimming delightfully the great abode ;

Speak——know'ft thou aught of RAPHAEL's rare *Cartons* ?

I have not feen them, Tom, for many moons !

Why did'ft thou not, amidft thy rhyming fit,

Of thofe moft heav'nly pictures talk a bit——

For which the NATION paid down ev'ry *foufe* ?

Rare pictures, brought long fince from HAMPTON COURT,

And by a *self-taught* CARPENTER cut fhort,

To fuit the pannels of the QUEEN's old houfe.

So

So says report — hope it is not true —

And yet I verily believe it too ;

It is so like *some people* I could name,

Whose *pericraniums* walk a little lame.

Beshrew me, but it brings to mind

A cutting story, much of the same kind !

It happ'd at PLYMOUTH town so fair and sweet,

Where wandering gutlers, wandering gutlers meet,

Making in show'rs of rain a monst'rous pother ;

Bart'ring, like RAG-FAIR JEWS, with one the other,

With carrots, cabbage leaves, and breathless cats,

Potatoes, turnip tops, old rags, and hats :

A town that brings to mind SWIFT's City Show'r —

Where clouds to wash its face for ever pour —

A town where Beautraps under water grin,

Inviting gentle strangers to walk in ;

Where dwell the Lady Naiads of the flood,

Prepar'd to crown their visitors with mud.

A town where parsons for the *Living* fight,

On every vacancy, with godly might,

Like wrestlers for lac'd hats and buckskin breeches ;

Where oft the priest who best his lungs employs

To make the rarest diabolic noise,

With surest chance of vict'ry preaches :

Whose empty sounds alone his labours bless ;

Like cannon fir'd by vessels in distress.

A town where, exil'd by the Higher Pow'rs,

The ROYAL TAR with indignation lours ;

Kept by his SIRE from London, and from fin,

To say his Catechism to Mistress WYNN.

The PLYMOUTH CARPENTER and the COFFINS.

IN the last war French pris'ners often died
Of fevers, colds, and more good things beside :

Presents for valour, from damp walls and chinks,
And nakedness, that seldom sees a shirt ;
And vermin, and all sorts of dirt ;

And multitudes of motley stinks,
That might with smells of any clime compare
That ever fought the nose or fields of air.

As coffins are deem'd necessary things,
Forming a pretty sort of wooden wings
For wafting men, to graves, for t'other world ;
Where anchor'd, (doom'd to make no voyages more)
The rudders of our souls are put ashore,
And all the sails for ever furl'd.

A carpenter,

A carpenter, first cousin to the MAY'R,

Hight master SCREW, a man of reputation,
 Got leave, through borough int'rest, to prepare
 Good wooden lodgings for the Gallic nation :
 I mean, for luckless Frenchmen that were dead ;
 And very well indeed SCREW's contract sped.

His good friend Death made wonderful demands,
 As if they play'd into each other's hands ;
 As if the Carpenter and Death went snacks—
 Wishing to make as much as e'er they cou'd
 By this same contract coffin wood,
 For such as Death had thrown upon their backs.

This Carpenter like men of other trades
 Whom conscience very easily persuades
 To take from neighbours useless superfluity ;
 Resolv'd upon an economic plan,
 Which shows that in the character of man
 Economy is not an incongruity.

I know

I know some monarchs say the same—whose pulses
Beat high for iv'ry chairs and beds and bulses.

For lo, this man of economic fort
Made all his coffins much too short,
Yet snugly he accomodates the dead—
Cuts off, with much *sang froid*, the head,
And then to keep it safe as well as warm,
He gravely puts it underneath the arm ;
Making his dead man quite a PARIS beau!—
Holding his jowl *en chapeau bras*.

But, Thomas, now to those Cartons of fame —
Do ask thy Sov'reign in my name

What's to be done with those rare pictures next ;
Some months ago, by night, they travell'd down
To the Queen's House in Windsor town,
At which the London folks were vastly vex'd.

For if those fine Cartons, as hist'ry says,
 Were (much to this great nation's praise)
 Bought for the nation's sole inspection;
Unask'd to suffer any man to feel 'em
 Or suffer any forward dame to steal 'em
 Would be a national reflection.

Tom, ask, to STRELITZ if they're doom'd to go;
 Because the walls are naked there, I know——
 Strelitz a mouse-hole is, all dark and drear;
 And shou'd the pictures be inclin'd to stray,
 Not liking Strelitz, they may lose their way,
 And ramble to some Hebrew auctioneer:

Where like poor captur'd negroes in a knot,
 The holy wand'ers may be made a lot ——
 And like the goods at Garraway's we handle,
 Christ and the Saints be sold by *inch of candle*!

Dearly

Dearly beloved Thomas, to conclude !

(I see thee ready to bawl out "*amen* :")

Joking apart, don't think me rude

For wishing to instruct thy lyric pen.

Whether like trout and eels in humble pride,

Along the simple stream of prose we glide ;

Or stirring from below a cloud of mud,

Like whales we flounder through the lyric flood ;

Or if a past'ral image charm thee more ;

Whether the vales of prose our feet explore,

Or rais'd sublime on ODE's aërial sleep,

We bound from rock to rock like goats and sheep ;

Whether we dine with Dukes on fifty dishes,

Or, poet-like, against our wishes,

On beef or pork, an economic crumb,

(Perchance not bigger than our thumb,

Turn'd

Turn'd by a bit of packthread at the fire,)
 To fatisfy our hunger's keen defire ;
 A good old proverb let us keep in view——
Viz. Thomas, “ give the dev'l his due. ”

Whether a Monarch, iffuing high command,
 Smiles us to court, and fhakes us by the hand ;
 Or rude bumbailiffs touch us on the fhoulder,
 And bid our tuneful harps in prifon moulder ;
 Sell not (to meannefs funk) one golden line ——
 The MUSE's incense for a gill of wine.

This were a poor excuse of thine, my friend ——

“ Few are the people that my Ode attend :

“ I'm like a country clock, poor, lonely thing,

“ That on the ftaircase, or behind the door,

“ Cries ‘ Cuckow, Cuckow,’ juft at twelve and four,

“ And chimes that vulgar tune “ God fave the King”

Oh !

Oh ! if deserting WINDSOR's lofty tow'rs,
To save a fixpence in his barrack bow'rs,
A Monarch shuffles from the world away,
And gives to FOLLY's whims the bustling day ;
From *such* low themes thy promis'd praise recall,
And sing more wonders of the old MUD WALL.

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